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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

December, 1935

THE BOY SCOUTS PREPARE FOR WAR

by M. B. SCHNAPPER

IT WAS July and it was hot. Try as hard as they could to look as impressive as the occasion required, the members of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, assembled in open-air session on the clearing of a Bear Mountain, N. Y., Scout camp, could not help make those evident signs of discomfort which men of all nations, classes, and races must make when the sun blazes down with merciless intensity. But on the whole they were dignified and attentive as they listened to the address by General Pershing. He said:

> I believe that discipline the world over is the same, whether under the auspices of civil or military organizations. I would not introduce military discipline or training into the Boy Scout program if I could.
>
> I believe the work you are doing is broadening. Perhaps it is broader than that which would be given under a military régime. In any event, you are teaching boys the right thing—citizenship. You are teaching them to be good citizens, and any man who is a good citizen will make a good soldier in time of peril.

These significant words of General Pershing, spoken twelve years ago, should be kept in mind today when the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America is being hailed by, it would seem, every Rotarian, minister, Legionnaire and politician who has a voice and can collect an audience.

These words reveal the profound militaristic implications of the Boy Scout movement. I believe, says General Pershing in bald effect, that the discipline and civic education of Scouting is of far greater militaristic value than the outright military training of boys, and that not even a militaristic régime could reach as many young people as the Scout movement.

Discipline is, indeed, emphasized by Boy Scout traditions, training, and literature with almost the same insistence of the Army. Consider the following excerpt from page 16 of "The Boy Scout Handbook":

> He [a Boy Scout] should so learn to discipline and control himself that he will have no thought but to obey the orders of his officers.

Compare this statement with the definition of military discipline which may be found in the "Manual of Military Training" by Moss and Lang:

> In its deeper and more important sense, discipline may be defined as the habit of instantaneous and instinctive obedience under any and all circumstances. It is the habit whereby the muscles of the soldier instinctively obey the word of command, so that under whatever circumstances of danger or death, the soldier may hear that word of command, even though his mind be too confused to work, his muscles will obey. . . . It [obedience] is the compliance with everything that is required by authority. It is the mainspring, the very soul and essence of all military duty.

The claim made by "The Boy Scout Handbook" that Scouting "neither promotes nor discourages military training" is belied not only by the militaristic nature of Scout discipline but by statements in "The Handbook for Scout Masters," which admit that Scouting "does teach valuable information which a soldier must have" and that "Scout drill is founded on the infantry drill of the United States Army."

One has only to examine the origin of the Boy Scout movement to see its fundamentally militaristic nature. For in a very literal sense the Scout movement was born of war. It came into existence during and because of the Boer War. In order to keep all of his men in the fighting lines during the siege of Mafeking, General Robert Baden-Powell, head of the British forces in South Africa, enlisted, drilled, and uniformed the younger boys of the city for military service behind the fighting lines. Mere youngsters were made scouts, signalmen, liason messengers, orderlies and lookouts. These were the first Boy Scouts. The results were so favorable that, upon returning to England, General Baden-Powell formed similar groups there, putting them through training quite similar to that given Scouts by the British Army.

In his 1932 edition of "Scouting for Boys," General Baden-Powell notes with some restraint that:

> The curious result of our training is we are continually being asked by officers in the Service to send them recruits who have been trained as Boy Scouts; they prefer them to any others for soldiering duties.

It was with less restraint that General Baden-Powell informed a group of former Army officers, according to a London *Daily Herald* report, that:

> Our young chaps should play not only football, they should play the game of soldiering and join the Territorials, so as to be ready if it becomes necessary to defend their homes and country. Who said the Scouts was not a military recruiting ground?

So aware is British labor of General Baden-Powell's militarism that the New South Wales Labor Council protested against his proposed visit to Australia in 1931 on the ground that the mission would encourage militarism.

Having sprung from General Baden-Powell's idea, it is not surprising that the American Boy Scout movement should have military implications. General Pershing's observations about the military virtues of Scouting were old stuff to the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. They all must have read a little confidential leaflet entitled "Policies and Regulations of the Boy Scouts of America, A Series of Interpretations, No. 1: Technical Military Training and Use of Firearms" (issued, significantly enough, shortly after the United States entered the World War). I quote from the pamphlet:

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I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY

by CARLTON BROWN

NOW of course you don't know her so very good, but say someone was to ask you what kind of a broad is this Jane Folinsbee that Gil's living with? You'd probably say that she seemed like she was refined, from a real good family, and all like that, now wouldn't you? Yes sir, and that's just what I thought myself, when I first see her here at the Elmore. I check her in—it's in the evening, see—and she ain't got nothing fancy in the way of baggage. Just a Gladstone, see, that looks like it's seen plenty of service, and one of these here little overnight bags.

And no kidding, Lousy, when I first see Jane I say to myself, now there's the kind of a broad that it don't pay your old Doc Gilbert Noguera Correia to even try and get to first base with, because you can see right off that she's too ritzy to give a guy like me a tumble. I figure now there's a broad that has class. So at first I don't try and fool around with her.

But there's one thing, in spite of her looking like a debbie and all that, and that is the kid don't look like she's had a square meal in all her life. Well, what the hell, there's plenty of society girls that they're skinny because they don't lead the right kind of life—you know, cocktail parties and the rest of the old hi-dee-ho.

Well, so the kid hangs around the lobby a lot, but she's kind of reserved, like, and she don't pick up with nobody, know what I mean. Only a couple of old dames that sits there doing their knitting—she chews the fat with them. She's got a cheap room up on the fifth floor, only she don't stay in it much, all the time she's in the lobby or the lounge. So after a while she gets a job, and I don't ask her what kind of a job, because at this time we don't hardly speak to each other, only I know she's got a job because Vic tells me she goes out early every morning.

Of course, working nights I don't see her much, but once in a while I'm standing by the newsstand, shooting the bull with Fat Jakie Bergenstein, and she comes up and buys like a piece of candy and stands and passes the time of day with me and Jakie. So why do I happen to notice this broad right off like that? I don't know how or why, because as you might say she's not so strong on looks, and you can tell right off she's no roundheels, but there's just something about her that gets me, know what I mean?

Well, me and Jane start to pal around a little—you know, just kidding in the lobby and like that, when Merkle ain't around, and it comes out that just like I thought she's from a real toney family down South, or at least that's her line at the time. So I say to myself, Gilbert, there's no use getting hot and bothered over this head because what the hell, you get just so far with these snooty dames and then *bingo!*—the gate. Take them society girls, they might take a kind of a liking to you and fool around a little, but then when you mean business it's *goombye pliz!* But I see she goes to a show now and then with Fat, and I say what the hell, if she can stand the sight of a guy like that there ain't no reason why your old Doc Correia shouldn't try and date her up.

Being that I was on the loose myself at the time, I figured that there wouldn't be any harm in fenegalin' around a little. What the hell, just because a guy's hopping the bells don't mean that he's the scum of the earth and that a broad won't take a second look at him, and for some reason Jane seems very friendly to me at that time, and she don't give nobody else a tumble.

Of course, being that I only had one night off a week, and that she only had one-half-a-day off, it made it hard to get together, but now and then we took in a show or went up to Roseland for a whirl.

Well, I just wanted to give you a kind of an idea as to how the thing started, see, and there ain't no use of going into all the details of how we took up. Fact of the matter is, the kid was lonesome and there was your old Doc Correia, always ready to help a girl in distress.

Now Fat Jakie may tell you that at first he fooled around with her, and I don't bother to break the guy's head because what the hell, at first the dame was lonely, here in New York like that, without no friends, and I figure there wasn't no harm in her making a friend or two, even if it would have to be a punk like Bergenstein. But that's neither here nor there. The kid was lonesome, like I said, and even Fat Jakie is more of a bargain than some of these cheap heels that hang around the lobby trying to pick up anything that wears a skirt.

But what I wanted to tell you is how she and me started living together, and how at first I thought she was a society dame. Another guy might hold it against her, making out that she was Little Miss Park Avenue herself, but what the hell, you can't blame the kid—fact of the matter was she was just trying to make a hit.

Now listen, Lousy, if I was to show you a letter, could you keep your trap shut about it? I carried it around with me five, six months, ever since me and Jane started to get serious about it, and I ain't showed it to nobody. You might think that I'd let Vic in on a thing like that, but I didn't, and you know the reason why? Vic's a pal of mine and all that, but you tell the guy a thing like that and first thing you know he gets tight and starts ribbing you about it, or else he spreads it all around the block just to make conversation. It seems like a frog just can't take a thing like that serious.

Now you've got an education and you've been around and you know enough to know that there's some things you can't kid about. So, so help you Christ, you won't tell nobody about this letter, will you? I don't know if you can read it so good, because the writing's kind of smooched up from me carrying it around in my pocket, but if there's anything you can't make out, just ask me. I know the thing by heart, know what I mean?

My Dear Gilbert—

I am writing this letter to you because I am afraid that if I told it to your face I wouldn't be able to do it and you would be awful angry and not have anything more to do with me but I guess any ways you will not want to see me any more but I do not want to deceive you any more so I will tell you the truth about my self. Gilbert I lied to you when I told you I was from a rich Family in the South, that was not true because really my Dad works in the Mill in Birmingham where my Mother worked until she died four Years ago, and we have never had no money except just bareley enough to live on and sometimes not even enough to live on and I also worked in the Mill sometimes when they were not laying off people.

I told you I was a rich girl I guess because I wanted you to pay some atension to me and I didn't think you would like me if I was a poor girl looking for a job as a Waiteress, which I got just a few weeks ago thanks to the kindness of Mister Purgoy, who I will tell you about in this letter. Any how I am going to tell you the *truth* about my self and then I will at lease know I am not kidding any one any more. My Dad made me marry a man Charly Folinsbee that I *Hate* and did not want to marry him only my Dad forsed me too because we didn't have any money and this Charly Folinsbee was supposed to have some money, which I don't know if he did or not. Any way I married him God Save me and after a while I had a Baby. My Dad was layed off from the Mill and we didn't have any money but I guess Charly did only he was very stingey with it and it was just the same like before. When the Baby come it was a homeley little thing all twisted up like there was something wrong with it, the Doctor come and he said the Baby looked like it was Deformed but if we took care of it good and did like he said it might live. So then the most *God Awful* thing happened, Charly took when the Doctor was gone and *killed* the Baby.

I know he done it and my Dad knows he done it too only my Dad he didn't say anything against Charly and when I said I could of *Killed* Charly my Dad said that it was a *Mercy* the Baby was *dead*, it would only be unhappey all it's life. Charly killed the Baby by pushing a pilow over it's mouth and of course there was no signs and if I told the Police it would be my word against Charly's and my Dad's and they would of locked me up for crazey or something, and there was nobody that I could tell about it because nobody would believe such crueltey was posible. Gilbert I am telling you all this and it is the *God's Truth* because I want you to know the worse about me and then if you are still serious like you said you are well I will not be deceiving you at lease.

Well I was a little sick from having the Baby and I couldn't leave right then so I waited a while and then I started to come North, I got rides from one town to another working sometimes as Waiteress and getting rides because I wanted to come to New York because I heard here you can get $15 or $20 a week as a Waiteress and I wanted to get as far away as posible from Charly and my Dad. So like I said I got rides from one town to another and finelly I got here to New York City. The last ride I got was a long one all the way from a town in Maryland, I forget the name, that was with Mister Purgoy and he was a very nice man, honest Gilbert he didn't even try to get funny with

THAT educational mill known as Bryn Mawr, which fits women to become wives of investment bankers, public utility executives, and polo players, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Oddly, or perhaps not oddly, in all its history there is no record of a first class poem or novel or play or any other work of sensitive creation ever having been turned out by one of its alumnae. Still, why should we complain if the investment bankers, public utility executives, and polo players are satisfied?

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me once, he got me a separate room at the Hotel where we stopped in Pennsylvania and then when we came to New York City he went to the Hotel Greer and paid for my room here at the Elmore Hall and then finelly it was him that got me the job of Waiteress at the Hotel Greer, where I work now. I told Mister Purgoy all about Charly and the Baby and it come out that Mister Purgoy he is a lawyer in Atlanta which is not so far from Birmingham and he says maybe he can do something to bring Charly to Justice. I don't want you to think Gilbert that there is anything between Mr. Purgoy and me because *Honest To God* there isn't he is just a real Friend and wants to help me all he can and there aren't many men so kind in the World. Now you know all the *truth* Gilbert and I'm sure you won't have any thing to do with me now that I have told you this but I can't help it I have got to be *Honest* with you before we go any further. You have got to promise me to tear this letter in pieces and then burn it will you and then if you don't want any thing to do with me you can forget about me. Only you did say you loved me Gilbert didn't you and if it's true then maybe you can understand how terrible I feel because I love you more than any man I ever met and I can't go on telling you *lies*. Please try and forgive me because I didn't do anything bad except lie to you and I don't know why I did that only I wanted you to pay some atension to me.

I am yours if you want me,

Jane

P. S. Be sure and burn this letter.

That's some fightin' letter, ain't it? You can imagine how I felt getting that, after figuring her for a society dame and all that. You can see what kind of a state the poor kid was in, with no friends in the city except this Purgoy, who I don't know nothing about except what Jane tells me. So what am I supposed to do, tell her it's all washed up between her and me just because she got a lousy break?

I don't mean to make out that I'm any Society For The Aid of Wayward Girls in person, but what the hell, I was pretty hot and bothered about the kid and I figured she deserved a break. It wasn't *her* fault, the way I figured it, that her old man forced her to marry a rat that killed her kid, and while it was quite a jolt to me at the time to get that letter, still and all I felt sorry for the kid at the same time that I wanted to make her, see.

Of course, I can't afford to get caught fooling around with her too much here at the Elmore, and where I am staying at the time the landlady won't have nothing out-of-the-way, so Jane and me move into a place on Lexington Avenue, same place where Vic's living now, and we tell them that we're Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Noguera Correia, if it's all the same to you.

Now get this straight—I don't believe for a minute that Purgoy ever got to first base with Jane, in fact I know he didn't, but it wasn't because he didn't try. No sir, boy, I knew right off, in spite of what Jane might think, that that shyster was on the make. From what she told me about him, I figured he was an old guy that didn't quite have the nerve yet to make a pass at her, and I figured he couldn't do her no harm; that broad knows her way around, in spite of she sounds dumb sometimes. You know, there's old guys like that Purgoy that'll be nuts about a dame and do anything for her but if they know she don't want no fooling around, why they'll be nice.

Well, like she said in this here letter, Purgoy was figuring to give this Charley his lumps, one way or another, but what she didn't say in the letter, but what she tells me later on, is that this Purgoy is pretty sure that he can get some kind of a cash settlement from this Charley, and what the hell, the dough would do her more good than to have Charley sitting in the jug, the way I figure.

A thousand bucks is what this Purgoy figures Charley to be good for. Purgoy is down South now, and he's been looking up this Charley Folinsbee and he finds that the guy has some dough, not a lot, but enough so that he could cough up a grand without it hurting none. He also finds that this Folinsbee has a charge against him on the books, just disorderly conduct, but that's enough to get a guy scared of being in the lineup again, you know.

Now this Purgoy ain't exactly started any proceedings against this Folinsbee, but the way it stands now, he writes to Jane that he figures he can clamp down on him pretty soon. He figures that Jane will have to come down there and appear before Charley with him, so as to let Folinsbee know that they mean business, and then if the guy ain't willing to come across, why it's the jug for him.

Now listen, Lousy, I ain't breathed a word about it yet to Vic or Merkle, but as soon as that grand comes through, your old Doc Correia is going to quit this dump cold. Marve is figuring on unloading his newsstand concession, and him and me will concentrate on the machines, maybe taking Fat along to run errands and like that. So I figure that when Jane gets that grand, why Marve and me will take and invest it in pin machines. What the hell, we're taking our fifty, sixty a week each on them that we've got now, and with a thousand bucks' worth more stuck around in good spots, why we'll be in the dough.

And another thing—the way I figure it, I'm not cut out for family life, know what I mean. Now Jane, what she really needs is a guy that will have kids with her, you know, a nice easy-going guy and a home out in Sunnyside or some place like that. I'm not the right sort of a guy for her, you know. Easy come, easy go, that's my motto; I just ain't built to stick with the same broad year in, year out. So what I figure on doing is fixing Jane up in a place of her own, where she won't have to worry am I coming home stinko or do I get slugged by some yegg.

I took her out of that lousy Greer dump right off, you know, and got her a job up at the Memphis, where she averages her thirty a week. With that and what I'll throw her from what we take in on the machines, why the dame'll be in the chips. And without me around, I figure she'll have a chance to get hooked up with some guy that won't give her so many headaches.

What the hell, it's for her own good, know what I mean. She worries her head off when I don't always come home right after work, and she's all the time scared I'm going to get socked on the head, and the kind of a life I lead just ain't right for her. And, like I said, I like a little variety now and then. Course, she's going to bawl like a baby when it comes to splitting up, but she'll be better off in the long run.

You know, I often think what a lucky break it was for that broad that she didn't get in with the wrong type of a guy, here in New York alone like that.

PEACE, FREEDOM, AND BLARNEY

by ALLAN CHASE

YOU must have seen a strange placard in your drug store lately. It is being displayed in 35,000 drug stores throughout the land. "A Penny For Peace," reads the heading. And under it: "For each one of these Squibb products that you purchase, Squibb will give—A Penny For Peace." Another placard, entitled "A Mighty Power For Peace," says:

> The House of Squibb has agreed, at the request of World Peaceways, to give a penny on each of the millions of packages of Squibb Products sold in the drug stores of the United States, to make possible the World Peaceways Radio Crusade to end War. . . . Squibb will give these pennies as long as these broadcasts are on the air.

My interest in world peace is no slighter than yours, so I took the trouble of running up to see Mr. Carleton H. Palmer, the president of the great pacifist drug firm. I wanted to ask Mr. Palmer two questions: first, whether the Squibb company would sell supplies to any army, including ours, in the event of war, and second, just how the penny donations were to be spent for peace.

Mr. Palmer was too busy to talk to me about peace, said his secretary, but perhaps I would care to see Mr. Theodore Weicker, the executive vice-president. I said I would. Weicker's secretary heard my story, nodded gravely, went back to her boss, and then came out with a new idea. "Why don't you see Mr. Y. K. Smith of the Geyer-Cornell Advertising Agency?" she asked. "They handle *all* of our advertising, and if you want a statement on the peace program you can get it through them."

I agreed to see Mr. Smith, and Weicker's secretary drifted back to her desk. On my way out I noticed that on either side of the doorway hung large picture frames. The frame on the left bore a dull tinted picture of Dr. E. R. Squibb, the founder of the firm. The frame on the other side contained an impressive sheepskin. On the top of this certificate was an engraving of a huge bald eagle, wings spread for flight. Below it was the following inscription:

THE WAR DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA RECOGNIZES IN THIS

(Continued on next page)

THE great height and enormous weight of the American Legion's new national commander (he is six-feet-one and tips the beam at 250) somehow doesn't thrill us, for Primo Carnera is taller, heavier, and just as intelligent.

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(Continued from preceding page)

AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE THE LOYALTY, ENERGY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THE WAR WORK BY WHICH

E. R. SQUIBB AND SONS

AIDED MATERIALLY IN OBTAINING VICTORY FOR THE ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE WAR WITH THE IMPERIAL GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRIAN-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT.

This was signed by the then secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, and by the Director of Munitions.

Touched to the quick by Squibb's devotion to the founder of the house and the welfare of the United States, I put my pencil away and hurried down to see Mr. Smith. I missed him twice, and finally had to put my questions in a letter. Then I ran down to see Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger, the guiding genius of World Peaceways.

We had an interesting discussion of peace, Squibb, and the World Peaceways. Mrs. Sternberger explained how the Squibb pennies were being spent by World Peaceways. The pennies were and are being used to pay for the radio time used by the Squibb-Peaceways programs. These programs are half-hour affairs with music, guest soloists, skits by authors like S. S. Van Dine, John Erskine, Fanny Hurst and others, commercial announcements, (Squibb), and talks on peace by men like Senators Borah and Nye, and publicist Bainbridge Colby. Colby is best known these days for the pacifist editorials he writes for the peace-loving publisher, William Randolph Hearst.

"Please don't ask me about Mr. Colby," said Mrs. Sternberger. Colby, it seems, had offended most of the pacifists who listened to his radio peace (Squibb) talk. The protests were loud and prolonged. "After all," she said, "the radio series are a *forum* on peace."

"O.K.," I said. "So they're a forum? How does World Peaceways propose to end war? By forums?"

Now Mrs. Sternberger was on firmer ground. "Well, the World Peaceways doesn't believe in mass meetings and such things. We want to show big business that war doesn't pay."

"In other words, you want to bring about peace from the top?" I asked.

"Exactly," she said, "now you take Robert C. Stanley, the president of the International Nickel Company."

"No," I mumbled, but Mrs. Sternberger ignored my refusal. "Last May," she went on, "Mr. Stanley made a speech in England. He said war would disrupt trade and industry. We received his permission to reprint the speech, and we sent out copies to numerous business leaders." She handed me a copy of the reprint. "And then we received a very nice letter, in return, from Charles M. Schwab."

"Very interesting," I said. "And you believe you will stop war by receiving nice letters from Schwab?"

"Not exactly. We believe in mobilizing industry behind the idea that peace pays. If big business gave to peace as much as they give in proportion to war, there would be no more war."

"Now we're getting somewhere. Do you hold war inevitable, in view of what we've seen in recent months?"

"War is not inevitable. It never was."

"What makes you say that? What do you hold responsible for war?" I asked.

Mrs. Sternberger didn't have to think very long over this one. "Economics," she said.

"What kind of economics?"

"Why—why economics!" As simple as all that. She showed me a copy of her speech to the Peace Council in London last July. A line on the first page called attention to "governments . . . sending forth their tentacles of empire."

"Do you hold imperialism to be a cause of war, too?" I asked.

"Isn't imperialism economics?" she countered.

"I guess it is," I said. Fascism had also been mentioned in that London speech. "And fascism? Is that, too, a war-cause?"

"Sure! What's fascism?"

"What?" I asked.

"Economics!" she answered.

"I guess you're right. But if fascism means war, what is World Peaceways doing about the trend towards fascism right here in America?"

"Fascism *does* mean war," Mrs. Sternberger insisted. "I think that the whole fascist trend should be watched."

"But is your organization doing anything to fight fascism?"

"No. We stay out of that sort of thing."

"I see. But if fascism continues to gain here, where will the chances of peace end up?"

"That," said Mrs. Sternberger, "is politics, isn't it?"

"Maybe," I said. "Maybe it's economics. Maybe it's politics. I don't know."

'I don't know anything about politics. I'm not interested in politics."

"All right. Let's skip politics. How about peace?"

Mrs. Sternberger handed me a Peaceways pamphlet, "Propaganda." It urged its readers to see "The President Vanishes," which some of you might remember as the movie which showed a president opposing and frustrating the war schemes of a gang gotten up to resemble Morgan, Rockefeller, Hearst and kindred gentry. The entire picture had one transparent message: "Sure it's true that capitalism sires fascism, and fascism sires war, but Franklin Delano Roosevelt will save you from all three, if you just trust him."

Mrs. Sternberger went on to describe the peace work of her organization. She mentioned the Peaceways advertisements which appear from time to time in leading magazines. The advertisements stress the fact that war is unpleasant. "We believe very strongly in advertising," said Mrs. Sternberger.

So, it seems, does the Squibb company. Mr. Smith did not answer my letter, and he probably never will. It was, however, no accident that I was referred to Squibb's advertising agency when I wanted to ask questions about Squibb's peace crusade.

Squibb's uses the advertising facilities of the press and the radio for the same reasons any other company uses them.

But why peace? The answer, to use an oft-used term, is "economics." A commercial radio program must attract the attention of enough people to listen patiently to the commercial announcements. The Fleischman program uses Rudy Vallee as a come-on; Kraft cheese has Paul Whiteman. The salaries of such drawing cards run well over $10,000 a performance. Radio time costs huge sums. Most of the big drawing cards are already contracted by radio advertisers.

Squibb wanted a program with a drawing card. Music, comedy, drama were popular —but expensive. Well, the smart advertising man sits down and considers the other desires of the public. Why not try peace? A war is brewing in Africa. Peace demonstrations grow larger and more numerous. Anti-war resolutions are flying thick and fast. Aha! Why not peace instead of Whiteman?

A question here, a query there, a few key lunches, and Squibb learns that peace is as good a drawing card as Rudy Vallee, and what's even more important, it doesn't cost a cent. Out of such wombs spring radio peace crusades.

Tied up with the radio crusade are the World Peaceways pledges, which the Squibb outfit has distributed to the 35,000 drug stores of the land. In every drug store, surrounded by the placards described at the beginning of this article, you will find a pad of these pledges on the counter. Originally, the pledge distributed read:

(Continued on next page)

QUEEN MARIE of Rumania, according to the Associated Press, recently celebrated her sixtieth birthday "by riding through new-fallen snow on a thoroughbred horse, a birthday present from V. P. Sassu, Minister of Agriculture." She was also presented "with items of gorgeous jewelry, including a necklace [from] Premier George Tatarescu." King Carol arranged a grand dinner for her, and a good time was had by all those invited, including Prince and Princess Friedrich of the House of Hohenzollern, the Princess of Hohenlohe, Princess Ileana, and Prince Nicholas. We wonder what the Rumanian people, who paid the bill, thought of it all. We wonder what the Rumanian soldiers, the most neglected, worst fed, and most shabbily dressed in the world, whispered to each other when they heard of it. How much longer will they keep quiet? Of all the Balkan countries, with the possible exception of Jugoslavia, Rumania is the most corrupt. There is hardly a high official in the land who is not open to bribery, as the munitions makers learned long ago. The royal court is so graft-ridden, so lecherous, and so incompetent that it almost rivals the court of the late Czar Nicholas II of Russia. Queen Marie is a notorious international gold-digger, and her son, King Carol, seems to have the mind and morals of a Long Island alley cat.

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THE NAZIS DECIDE TO MATE HORSES WITH MEN

by LOUIS WEITZENKORN

BERLIN (Grapevine Telegraph).—Another forward step in the perfection of the Nazi Totalitarian State was announced here with the conclusion of conferences held by the Wir Brauchen Keine Weiber Mehr Gruppe.

Under the sponsorship of Herr Professor Doktor Hodensaft, plans have been perfected whereby all possible ancestral blood taints will be removed from Teutonic posterity by the simple, but strangely enough, hitherto unthought of, eugenic method of breeding the best specimens of Aryan men with horses.

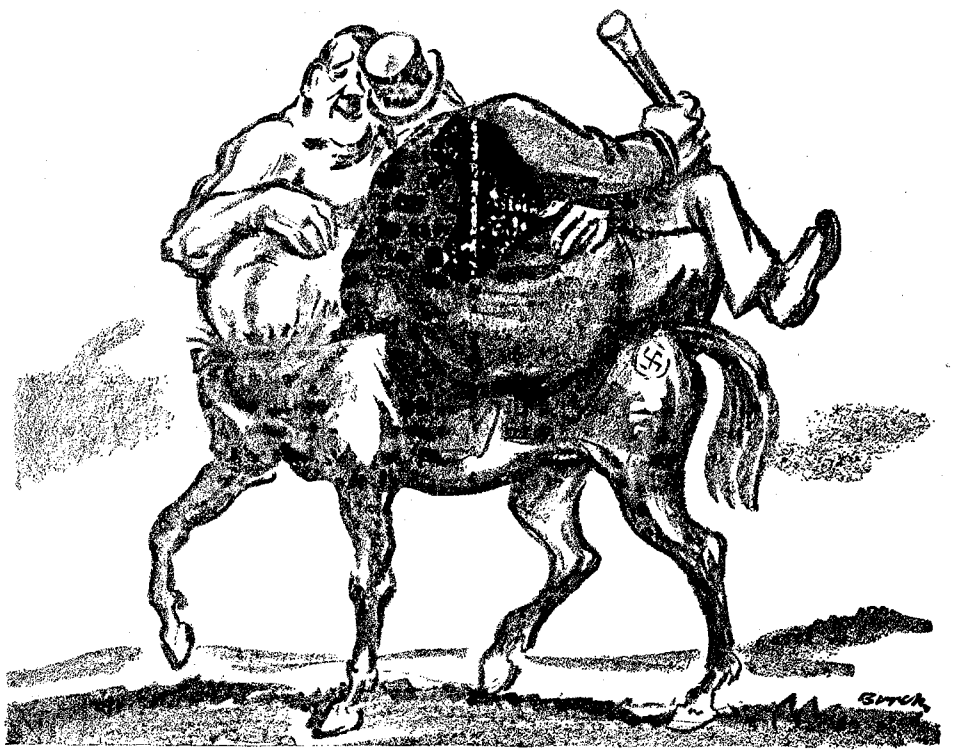
"This will not only produce a continuing blonde human male, but in the event of *equus caballus* atavism, a beautiful line of sorrel horses fit for the German cavalry," declared Herr Doktor Hodensaft.

An objection to Doktor Hodensaft's plan was put forward by the famous but modest Nuremberger, Geheimrat Doktor Bauchgedanke, who demanded to know what would be done in the event that breeding German men to German horses resulted in the production of mules. Doktor Hodensaft replied to this pedanticism with considerable heat.

"By the iron resolution of German science," thundered Doktor Hodensaft, "we shall reverse the process and breed the horses to our best men. No man shall be selected for this honor by our leader whose rank is beneath that of an Ober Leutenant!

"It was men of this rank and better who produced that great army of the Vaterland in the days when for a German officer to have cohabited with a woman was an offense under military law.

"Those days shall be revived," cried the Doktor whose words brought Geheimrat Bauchgedanke to his feet leading the cheers of the eugenicists. "Germany today is a Totalitarian and self-sufficient State under our beloved Fuehrer. The hour of the old-fashioned and race-dangerous female womb has struck. The female womb! What is it but an insidious, vicious Bolshevik—Jewish—non-Aryan plot to undermine German Kultur?



Aryan Landscape

"I stand here before this congress and repeat that in my laboratories in the University of Uebel-Riechen I shall produce synthesized uteri which may be transplanted into our young men at birth.

"Does this answer the Geheimrat Doktor Bauchgedanke? If there is still an unpatriotic skepticism here I shall add that we will thus gradually abolish women and produce within the borders of the Nationalist Socialist State a Totalitarian male nation wherein we shall not only furnish our beloved and holy Fuehrer with nothing but men and soldiers, but soldiers, each of whom can be a mother!"

As the result of Herr Professor Hodensaft's forthcoming experiments it is believed that a decree will soon be issued by Der Fuehrer closing all horse slaughter houses throughout Germany. This will throw the population to further dependence upon pork and mutton, which leading Nazi party members consider would be merely temporary.

It is felt that once Doktor Hodensaft's experiments are developed the nation will substitute women as a diet instead of horseflesh. By the time all German women are consumed the nation will be ready for its conquest of France and Russia and the army will then subsist upon the wives and daughters in all conquered territory.

An addendum to this decree, suggested by the Ministry for Propaganda and Enlightenment, will forbid the cooking and eating of Jewesses. They, however, will be canned and shipped to Japan where there is little, if any, racial prejudice.

(Continued from preceding page)

World Peaceways
Pledge of Support
to
HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT
and to the
CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

As a citizen of the United States, I pledge you, the Chief Executive of this nation, and to its chief Legislative body, my wholehearted support for all that you may do to put an end to the destruction of human life by the merciless machinery of war, and to lead the nations of the world toward the light of mutual tolerance and understanding.

Later, another pledge, with very similar meaningless wording, was substituted.

A glance at the names of some of the militant pacifists to face the Squibb microphone is very revealing. There is General Hugh S. Johnson, beloved by everyone except the unemployed and the working people of America. There are Dr. Glenn Frank and Senator Arthur Vanderburg, more distinguished as bores than as thinkers. Finally, there is Al Smith, who has called for relentless warfare against the foes of the private property economics," which all pacifists agree has been the mother of all wars.

Now, if these were carefree times, the Squibb-Peaceways tie-up would not merit more than a satirical cartoon alongside of an hilarious paragraph. Exactly the opposite condition prevails. War is so close upon us, that we must examine and explain every scheme professedly aimed at eliminating war.

Peaceways, by itself, is a pacifist outfit of the old war-is-hell school. Its chief efficiency, in the past, has rested in its striking color advertisements which played up the fact that women and children will be killed in the next war—as, indeed, they are now being wiped out by Italian bombs in Ethiopia.

The union of Squibb and World Peaceways, however, is something else. The spectacle of a representative part of those "economics," which cannot exist without causing wars, sponsoring a pacifist drive is a cutting indicator of our times. Those who listen to the Squibb-Peaceways radio program cannot see the certificate awarded the firm as a memento of the profits it made in the last war.

THERE probably will never be another American multi-millionaire so intelligent, so un-meddling, so talented in minding his own business, so free of sanctitude, so sincerely embarrassed by great wealth, as was George Eastman of Rochester. . Unlike any American millionaire we ever heard of, except Stephen Girard, he disliked churches and dominies, and when he died he gave them the one hereditament that best expressed his sentiments—a nice big horsecollar. But he loved music and technology, and for their furtherance he left many of his millions. We mention his name here because we should like to print a good memoir of him, not alone for the sake of his memory, but in the hope that Henry Ford and our other prominent rich opinion-givers-on-all-subjects might read it and be reminded of their own social vulgarity.

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FRANCE CONTINUES TO MOVE LEFTWARD

by ARNOLD ROLLER

THE ARGUMENTS against the probability of an early seizure of power by the French fascists seem to be crushing. Most of the conditions that favored the great success of Hitler and Mussolini are absent in the Third Republic. There is no countless army of unemployed workers, college graduates and other white collar men—the reservoir from which both Mussolini and Hitler drew their enormous supply of desperate followers. There is no spectacular Duce or Führer to capture the imagination of the masses. Their best advertised aspirant to that rôle, Colonel Casimir de la Rocque, a lineal descendant of the royalist emigrés of 1792, has neither the eloquence of Hitler, nor the astuteness of Mussolini, nor the plebeian background of either of them.

Being strongly in favor of an understanding with the Nazis, the French fascists are unable to exploit the potential nationalist fury of the masses. For it is the anti-fascist Popular Front, the coalition of Progressives (the so-called Radical-Socialists), Socialists and Communists, whose hostility to Hitler now expresses what could be called the "anti-German" sentiment of the country. Nor does the problem of Jewish competition play such a rôle there as it did in Germany. Workers, minor government employés, farmers and the large mass of small shopkeepers stand solidly behind the Popular Front, which is determined to defend the democratic institutions of the country.

The fascist semi-military organizations, such as the Croix de Feu, have no support among the masses, as was demonstrated by the recent electoral defeats of the Rightist elements. They have with them only the sons of the upper middle class, and a certain section of the university students and other intellectuals.

Yet for all that, the possibility of a sudden transition from the multi-party system of a dozen parliamentary groups to the one-party dictatorship, German or Italian style, hangs like a sinister threat over the democratic majority of the French Chamber of Deputies. The fascists are backed by the financial interests and they have arms, machine guns, airplanes and all the other equipment which is continuously being spirited into their hands by sympathizing army officers. And they are strengthened by a tragical lack of determination on the part of their opponents from the Front Populaire, which, though mustering a majority in the Chamber, seems to be afraid to take over the government.

The reason for that hesitation on the part of the Left lies in the contradictions within the anti-fascist bloc itself. It is an open secret that the assumption of power by the Left would be followed immediately by a financial panic engineered by the banking interests which are in control of the press. (The mere report that the Radical-Socialist Party intended to demand the dissolution of the semi-military organizations, such as the fascist Croix de Feu, caused a sharp decline of the *rente*, *i.e.*, the government bonds). A situation of this kind confronting a Leftist government would require radical measures, such as the nationalization of the credit system and of the key industries. Socialists, Communists and the Left wing of the "Radical-Socialist" progressives are ready to take that step. But the powerful Right wing of the latter party, that is, Herriot and his following, closely connected as it is with the capitalist interests of the country, is opposed to anything that smacks of socialism even in its mildest form.

The coming national elections of May, 1936, are expected by many to result in a still greater swing to the Left than the recent municipal elections. Many things, however, may happen before the voters have their last say. If the Left does not assume power before that time—and it could do so in a perfectly constitutional way—the fascists, who are armed, may do it without bothering about legal formalities. If the Left overcomes its hesitation but, in deference to the wishes of its own Right wing, refuses to tackle the financial and other basic problems, it runs the risk of disappointing its own following, which would then fall prey to the demagogy of the Right. Colonel de la Rocque is gradually borrowing one plank after another from Hitler's famous program which promised everything to everybody.

Will the Left parties find a way to steal a march on the fascists? There are indications that they probably will. They have taken a leaf from the history of the post-war years and have bowed to the popular demand for a leader. They have found such a man in the person of the energetic Edouard Daladier—the "Incorruptible" among the middle class politicians of present-day France. The hundreds of thousands of Parisians who followed him this year in the July 14 parade of the Front Populaire rallied to the cry of "The Power to Daladier," a cry in which the communists and socialists also joined. . . .

The Italian adventure has added to the great rift dividing the two sections of France's public opinion. The fascists are holding big "pacifist" meetings and their enormous posters carry the inscription, "Down with War." Their protests are, of course, directed not against Italy's aggression in Africa, but against the "bellicose" attitude of the Left, which is in favor of sanctions against Mussolini. The fascists' Italian sympathies are easy to understand: a defeat of Mussolini would mean a considerable weakening of fascist influence in France as well.

In their attitude the French fascists are supported by a large section of the press, which is openly pro-Italian. Exactly twenty years ago a French administration had supplied the money to buy Mussolini's allegiance to the cause of the Allies and to establish the daily *Popolo d'Italia*, which is still the personal organ of Il Duce. Now the Italian dictator is spending lavishly a large part of his gold reserves to maintain the tradition of the "abominable venality of the French press."

So far, however, the progressive press has proven impervious to the seductive wiles of the Roman conqueror. And the trend towards the Left, as exemplified by the recent elections to the Senate, still continues. . . .

THE LAND OF THE FREE SEEN FROM A BUS

by MERIDEL LE SUEUR

THIRTY-TWO people are crowded into the huge swift moving bus that will take you cheap and fast over America from one locale of the depression to another. You can be hungry. You can be miserable, but you can be transported with speed and dispatch and landed with your misery and sorrow, at another junction.

I have been driving two days through Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. On the bus everyone talks swiftly, easily. You touch anyone and they bleed. America never talked volubly like this before. They talk about horses, cattle, seed, land, death, starvation. The bus goes swiftly through the lovely spring country and they point out the window at land owned by the insurance companies now, at mortgaged houses being taken over by the banks, and gradually the land seems to split open like a long rotting fruit and the core, years of growth and decay, the worm, the fruit lie exposed under the early spring sun of 1935, the fifth year of the depression.

The depression has made us known to each other. Prosperity concealed us, but poverty is known, and unlike competition, nurtures kinship and sympathy.

We are driving through the fine looking, thrifty Wisconsin country. It looks like Germans live here, and the Swiss and the Scotch. I know neat people are begotten neatly here since the days of pioneering. I also know that not two weeks ago many of these farmers came to Madison and stood on the capitol steps all night asking for seed relief and they didn't get it. In Minnesota they came to the capitol with their starving cattle.

Lambs look up from the spring earth with muddy noses. We pass quickly two men standing in a blooming apple orchard talking together earnestly. We whisk around a greening mound and will never see them again.

We stop at a little town and some drivers get on. They will go up to Madison and drive back with trucks. They are space-drunk young men, already tanned a little. They like to drive swift and mad over the country like this. They like it very much. We went 300 miles yesterday, one of them says. Something lean and desperate in them makes them like it. Just so they can get a girl fixed up at both ends of their run. They slouch down and sleep on the go, their huge half-man and half-boy faces lolling.

This is the good American earth with its loveliness and lingering savagery. There is something about going about like this in the mid-American earth that makes you lose a sense of identity. La Salle, when he came through this country, said its richness was such that it could feed a merry populace for thousands of years. Now they are starving.

The trees are cut down more than usual. People have been cold this winter. Wood has been cut out of the valleys and in some places even the wind-breaks have been cut down for stove wood. I never saw this before.

We have just left Chicago. It looked like a wreck in an idiocy of decay with the thick

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slow stir of people through the eye sockets of rotten buildings and the dirty arteries of the streets, quickening a little. I saw a man come out and paste up a sign opposite the bus station saying that the relief station in that building was closed. I bought a newspaper and read it hurriedly in the crowded bus just before we pulled out.

IDLE IN ILLINOIS PLEAD FOR FOOD
367,000 Persons, Third of them Children, Besiege Private Charities.

By night 1,800,000 will be hungry in Illinois.

A man across the aisle is talking in a loud voice. He says over and over in amazement, Anyway you figure it, everyone looks pretty well dressed-up, you couldn't tell they were starving. I can't make it out. You can't see that people are hungry or poor. Anyway you figure it they look pretty good. He keeps repeating this.

The country looks lonely and silent. I wonder why. Then I realize with a start that it is plowing time and there is no plowing. They have no seed. The few places it is plowed look rich like the black hair of a woman combed with a fine tooth comb.

A farmer gets on at Fond du Lac and sits beside me and begins talking to me about the land right away. They can't get them no seed, he says, to plant this year. Last year the drouth ruined everything and this year they can't get them no seed. I'm from the Southwest myself, I come up from there to my brothers in Oshkosh on account of the dust storms. My farm plumb blew away. The Southwest is sure for certain ruined this year and my land is ruined for a sight more time than that. Why, he says, look, I got me cousins in North Dakota last year had a big farm, rich soil, and last year it blew right out from under them. The fields packed up against the barn so you could just see the top and the thistles caught the dust at the fences so you could walk, clean as a whistle, right over the fence on solid ground. My cousins just up and left and went to St. Paul. That there land of theirs won't grow nothing for a thousand years.

Jesus Christ, the man behind us leaned over and said. He had been listening. We look out the window; a woman is bending over putting something in the ground, a strong, gaunt barren-looking woman. The soil is blowing away over mid-America. The strong, barren woman lifts her body and looks at the fleeing bus.

What's going to happen, says the man next to me, this is the bread basket of the country that is blowing away do you know that? Millions of acres are turning into desert.

I'll betcha they'll be a shortage of wheat this year, the man next to me says sadly. They are both like grieving men.

And now, says the man behind me, what do you think they are doing, why only yesterday three families from my home town, people from pioneer stock mind you, are going off to Mantanuska valley in Alaska to pioneer all over again. People that have made this country rich mind you are going off to the ends of the earth to pioneer some more. . . .

Holy mackerel, says the man beside me.

It's like in the Dakotas, says the man behind, they are moving whole ruined villages to another part of the state. What will they do there? Don't ask anybody that. Everybody would start out screaming together.

Jumping cats, says the man beside me.

But look, I say, the country looks wonderful. The country is wonderful, says the man next me, it's the bastards sucking off it.

Our friend behind suddenly says, look at my friend here, I am going with him to St. Paul. His baby died yesterday at 2.40 in the morning. He came up here looking for work. The mother of it was starving so the baby was born weak.

We pull into Madison.

We stop in a beer joint to have a beer. The two bus drivers come in also for a beer. The morning paper says that the liberal University of Wisconsin has just been the scene of a near riot. Four students were ducked in the lake and a meeting of the League for Industrial Democracy has been broken up. One of the drivers has a bottle in his pocket and is getting a little tight. He begins to make a very good speech to the bartender, the other driver and myself. Social justice, he says, is dead, cracked up.

A man in a tattered coat and shoes split down the sides comes in and hopes he will be asked to have a drink on the house. In the meantime he too listens to the speech.

The constitution is a good one, the young man says, there's a difference between the constitution and the government you can bet your bottom dollar on that. According to the constitution there is no such thing as sedition and the constitution permits life, happiness and shall we say the pursuit of freedom, yes, ye shall say it, freedom is beautiful. Your mother told you that you were going to be President. That's the bunk. Who in hell *wants* to be? Why didn't she tell you you were going to live a good life? Why didn't she tell you that, see? Live a good life, that's the ticket, that's the stuff. You're a man, you got the parts of a man, well, that's what the constitution says for a man, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The man with the tattered clothes waves his hands surprisingly. But what about private capital, he says, and you could have knocked us over with a straw. Yes sir, what about private capital? Suppose, he says, suppose I want to put up a skyscraper, or an apartment building, what about it?

Holy Jesus, says the driver laughing, have a drink on us, brother.

We slide along the country at terrific speed. In three hours we will be in St. Paul. The man who is going to his dead child, looks out the window. The man beside me, who has lost his dairy farm, falls asleep.

Here you are America, there is a strong, powerful aroma rising now from you, from the dispossessed, rising from your black soil, from your dreary unpainted houses, from the blown and hungry soil, from the sheep looking up to the slaughter, from the women, gaunt and strong.

These hills are still waiting. You can see in the old houses something gracious, something intended, every man on his land, the beginning of the American legend that moved too swiftly to the bright glint of the machine and rapacious exploitation. These old houses bear to us the taste of Jeffersonian democracy, an old culture already dead, standing equivocally amid the present disaster.

OIL AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

by ROBERT LANE

RECENT reports of an Ethiopian oil concession obtained by an Anglo-American group, which finally turned out to be the Standard Vacuum Oil Company, came as a shock to the public at large, but to the foreign offices of Europe and America they formed a familiar story. For years the secret war for oil has been fought by the diplomats, and it is only occasionally that the lid is lifted sufficiently to allow the layman to peer within. In the past petroleum has been the cause of such minor conflicts as the Greco-Turkish War in 1922, and has formed the basis of such fundamental policies as those pursued by the German government in its "drang nach Osten" program prior to the 1914-1918 débâcle. In both cases the petroleum deposits of Mesopotamia became one of the hard fought for prizes, just as it is clear that oil has a share in Mussolini's Ethiopian campaign.

For the past few years Mussolini has given substantial bonuses to prospectors in Italy in the hope of obtaining this liquid fuel, so necessary to the maintenance of an efficient army and navy as well as to a self-sufficient national economy. But all efforts to find oil in Italy have met with disappointment, so Italian policy is now confined to the construction of a refining industry.

Ethiopia undoubtedly looks promising to Il Duce as a crude oil source, since Italy's only other petroleum interest lies in her share in the British Oil Development Company, Ltd., located in Iraq, in which British, German, and Franco-Swiss capital also participates. At present no oil is being transported from this source, because the product has been found to be too thick for shipment *via* pipeline.

But this is only one phase of the international oil tangle, and of the part it plays in international diplomacy. With the exception of the United States and the U. S. S. R., both of which have adequate supplies of petroleum within their own borders, every major power is making a herculean effort to obtain control of the known crude sources throughout the world, and at the same time is pursuing a crude oil storage policy, so as to be prepared as far as possible for every contingency in the event of war.

Great Britain, within the past ten years, has allotted £7,000,000 for the construction of oil storage facilities to provide supplies for the British navy and air force. For instance, Glasgow has been allotted £1,145,000; Plymouth, £630,000; Portland, £956,000; and Pembroke Dock, £416,000. British colonies have also received allottments, as for example, Singapore, £950,000; Ceylon, £535,000; Hong Kong, £110,000.

England is also searching for oil sources within the British Isles, and has arranged for a subsidy to the Imperial Chemical Industries for the hydrocarbonization of coal into oil with the expectation that shortly 30,000,000 gallons of gasoline will be produced within her own territories.

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Germany likewise is rapidly approaching at least a degree of self-sufficiency in gasoline requirements, and at present is the largest producer of synthetic petroleum products in the world. During the first five months of 1935 the country succeeded in increasing her natural crude oil production 70% over a similar period in 1934.

But has Germany given up her "drang nach Osten" dream? Reports tell of Germany's increased holdings in the British Oil Development Company, Ltd., amounting to 40%, while the Italians are said to have acquired 36% of the shares. This would leave 24% for British and Franco-Swiss capitalists. Whether these percentages of ownership are accurate or not is unimportant, when compared to the recently proposed revival of the Berlin-Bagdad railway program under obvious British auspices, since Iraq is a British mandate and according to the by-laws of the company none other than an Englishman may act as chairman.

It is as yet uncertain whether this is a part of the apparent growing understanding between Britain and Germany, though indications point strongly in this direction. Ever since the Anglo-German naval treaty last Spring, and the less generally known fact of the Bank of England's financial assistance to the Reich, the two governments have become more friendly.

An undoubtedly important figure in this growing understanding between the Nazis and Great Britain is Sir Henri Deterding, chairman of the Royal Dutch-Shell. It was the Shell's oil properties which the Bolsheviks nationalized when they came into power in Russia, and with the British failure at the Genoa and Hague conferences in 1922 to obtain any concessions from the expropriators, Sir Henri has since fought Soviet Russia as well as Red oil upon each and every occasion. He is said to have been one of the first financial supporters of Adolf Hitler, who wrote, "It is with England alone, that one might under cover undertake the new Germanic migration," as he adds, "at the expense of Russia."

Such sentiments could not fail to please the ear of Henri Deterding, for Germany's expansionist policy toward the East would be extremely helpful to the British. If one were to speculate upon the objectives of such a campaign it would not be unreasonable to assume, as the Nazi leaders have stated themselves, that the Ukraine would be parceled out to Germany, while Britain would not be adverse, as she demonstrated in 1919, to taking Baku and Grosni, where the rich Soviet oil fields are located. Simultaneously the annihilation of communism would be accomplished. At the same time, control of the Russian oil fields would give Britain virtual domination of the world, since with these properties would go those of the northern provinces of Iran (Persia), with the latter necessarily becoming another British colony.

But it is doubtful that such a campaign will ever succeed, if past history is any criterion. The armies of capitalist Europe failed in accomplishing this objective in 1919-1921, and there is every reason to believe that they will fail again the next time they try. Moreover, such a program could hardly meet with the approval of the United States, where the trend of internal oil production has been downward, reaching, for 1934, the lowest figure in twenty-eight years, or 59.72% of the world output. There is no question but that American oil interests would raise heaven and earth to stop the English from taking possession of the Near and Far Eastern oil lands.

Meanwhile Russia is leaving no stone unturned in preparing herself against any such possible aggression. In 1921 the Soviet government relinquished all rights in Northern Iran (Persia) which had been a Russian sphere of influence under the Czar. Friendly commercial relations have been fostered between the two governments, and while other nations eye the activities of the Communist Internationale within their own borders with apprehension, in Iran no communist propaganda exists. This genuine neighborliness between Iran and the U. S. S. R. is, of course, a constant threat to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which has large holdings in Southern Iran, and the majority stock of which is held by British interests. Until recently the Anglo-Iranian has been the chief oil source of the British navy, but since the first of the year the new Iraq field has given Britain a valuable second string bow.

Russian relations with Turkey are likewise friendly and both countries coöperate closely in their military, commercial, and political activities. In 1922 the Soviet aided Turkey and her able dictator Mustafa Kemal Ataturk in the war against Greece, while the latter had the support of Great Britain. The cause of this conflict was the rich Mosul oil-fields, which finally fell into British hands despite the victory of the Turks.

The trail of oil leads in still other directions in Europe. One of the new major developments since the first of the year has been the oil flow from the wells of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Part of this new supply is being shipped to France in large quantities, thereby giving her an assured crude oil supply, since French capital holds 23¾% of the Iraq company shares. Rumania has felt this development keenly, because there has been a drastic decline in her oil shipments to France, formerly a large customer. Rumania is obliged to export 80% of her oil production, and petroleum forms from 30% to 40% of her total exports. The new Iraq production will therefore seriously affect Rumanian finances.

While the French purchases of the Rumanian product have been declining, Germany has been pursuing an aggressive petroleum policy. These circumstances have brought about a commercial agreement, during the first half of the present year, between Germany and Rumania, which contains a special provision allowing for the investment of German capital in this industry as well as in others. Since Rumania is a member of the Little Entente and in the past has been friendly to France, certain circles within the country have criticized this German-Rumanian commercial agreement, though economically it is beneficial to both countries. Hence there is a conflict in Rumania between the pro-Nazi and pro-French factions.

With the new shifting of forces caused by the Italo-Ethiopian situation, Germany may possibly stand in a new and increasingly strategic position. If Britain succeeds in smothering the flames of the rising Italo-Ethiopian conflict and localizing it, Germany will undoubtedly be faced only with the alternative of a mad adventure toward the East. On the other hand, if Italy becomes heavily involved in a long drawn-out Ethiopian campaign, not only may *Anschluss* be revived, in which event a general European conflict may follow, but a program for a renewal of the "drang nach Osten" policy may be aggressively undertaken.

From this it can be readily seen that black gold or oil may become a major irritant in another great war; but curiously enough this precious liquid also possesses certain healing qualities. An indication of these possibilities is illustrated in the reported negotiations for a pooling arrangement of Russian oil exports to be shared by Standard Oil, Royal Dutch-Shell, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. If such an agreement is consummated it will unquestionably be a step toward world peace, despite Italy, Germany, or Japan, and likewise will draw the destinies of the United States and Russia into a closer harmony.

Thus oil may bring about the coöperation of the three great powers, the United States, Great Britain and the U. S. S. R. into a combination that will preserve world peace.

WE should say that the least admired man in all Roosevelt's crew, past and present, used to be Morgenthau. But the other day, after listening to General Johnson over the radio, we made up our mind that we wouldn't trade one Morgenthau for three bushels of Johnsons, with a bunch of bananas thrown in—and we like bananas.

Glenn Frank Offers Another Example of his "Flexible Intelligence," and Again Proves that he has a Mind as Good as Former President Hoover's.

"The culprits of capitalism are, after all, but a handful of malefactors in the crowded ranks of sincere and capable business men, industrialists and bankers. And, if we are not to go boldly and bodily over to fascism or to communism, it is to this vast body of sincere and capable business men, industrialists, and bankers that we must look to make capitalism again function for the creation of abundant new wealth. . . . With so much of the world under the spell of the new gospels of fascism and communism, it is important that the political leadership of the United States, once it has dealt decisively with the sins and sinners of capitalism, shall so restate the case for private enterprise that a truly popular passion for its preservation may be aroused and its honest leaders given a sense that they are serving a significant national end when they create great business and great industries that employ men and create wealth."

Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, addressing the Rotary Club of Chicago.

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THE PARTITION OF GERMANY

by FERDINAND LUNDBERG

HITLER'S appeal for support from influential opinion abroad has been mainly that he saved Germany from Bolshevism. That he saved Central Europe from going Communist, that he is the bulwark against the expansion of Soviet Russia, has been the Nazi cry in seeking support for a Polish-German drive into the Ukraine in accordance with the fantastic Rosenberg memorandum presented by Germany at the London Economic Conference of 1933. This plan has the support of such people as Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate, and William Randolph Hearst.

So vigorously has Nazi propaganda advanced the notion that it is either Hitler or Bolshevism in Germany that many presumably intelligent people have come to believe that the slogan exhausts the alternatives. Many persons who privately decry the Hitler methods nevertheless accept his government because they are not prepared to accept communism.

But there is a third solution of the "German problem" which the Nazis never advert to, even negatively. It is by far the most plausible, and in accord with the trend of European history. In brief, it involves the partition of Germany and the distribution of its main parts among the leading European powers and their satellites.

It may seem fantastic to speak of the partition of a great unified industrial power like Germany. But is it? Germany has been a unified nation only since 1866, so it may be argued that the historical precedent for a unified powerful Germany is extremely short. Austria-Hungary, unified for many centuries, was broken into its constituent parts after the World War. Poland, an ancient nation, was divided among three powers for more than a century and a quarter.

Partition, of course, is never a final solution. But in Europe there is a long tradition supporting the idea of partition whenever one nation moves out of step in relation to its neighbors. It is very dangerous for a European nation to isolate itself diplomatically, which is what Hitler Germany has very nearly done. And Germany, surrounded by other powers, is much more susceptible of being split up than any other big European nation.

Weimar Germany, at least, had an understanding with Soviet Russia, heeding Bismarck's advice to keep friendly with the East. Partly as a result of that understanding Germany was slowly gaining many diplomatic points from the war-time Allies, who may be blamed exclusively for the present desperate régime which has been established in Germany. Hitler Germany, at best, has only the tenuous support of England and the dubious blessing of Wall Street.

The present German régime dwindles down to a once powerful state in decay organizing for a last supreme effort on the battle-field against a united Europe. No nation of any importance in Europe today, except Germany, has anything to gain by a European war. With Germany it is a case of gambling with war and diplomatic threats or reconciliation to a process of slow internal decomposition in an economy divorced from independent supplies of raw material.

The Hitler solution of expansion at the expense of Russia at first sight appears to be a threat to nobody except Soviet Russia, which has no real friends among the nations. Unfortunately for the Hitler government, it is realized in all the European chancellories that after Germany and Poland once have their way with Russia (according to the Rosenberg plan) Germany would be in a position to dictate to France about the Balkans, about the Rhine frontier, and would be even strong enough to speak on equal terms with England in the matter of naval and air armaments.

Nobody can doubt any longer that Hitler will try to settle the issues on the battle-field, against a united front of all Europe if necessary. Some observers hold forth the possibility that Germany will be able to break the united front of the other powers, and will be able to detach at least one of them, possibly England, from the others.

Again, unfortunately for Hitler, he cannot succeed, because all have something to lose in a German aggression. Of course, if one assumes that England will sit back in neutrality while Germany tackles France and her Allies, one must concede some validity to the Hitler maneuvers. The truth is, however, that England can no longer afford to witness a fairly evenly balanced military contest in Europe. The experience of the last war showed (and one may be certain that the lesson was not lost upon the generally level-headed London foreign office) that any sort of a gigantic, evenly-balanced military contest with modern weapons spells disaster for England, whether she participates or not.

The economics of the situation alone would prevent England from sitting idly by while Europe shot itself to pieces. As a matter of plain economic self-preservation England must now place all her influence on the stronger side.

Disaster to France with her vast colonial empire would be disaster for England. If France became involved in a death-grapple with Germany, the smouldering nationalist movement in the French colonies would flare into flame, and would affect the natives in many of England's restless colonies. Any upset in the present European *status quo*—bad as that status may be—could only have international repercussions of the gravest import for England.

Quite obviously none of these considerations will deter the Hitler government, which is evidently proceeding on the basis of creating as much unrest as possible in Europe and elsewhere. It will not cease its agitation until it obtains what it wants: the restoration of its colonies, *Anschluss* with Austria, the return of various continental territories like Eupen-Malmedy, Schleswig-Holstein, Memel, and Danzig. The surrounding European Powers, on the other hand, quite as obviously, have no intention of acceding to any of these demands, cannot accede to them without causing serious dissension among themselves.

What, then, does Hitler Germany face? She faces war, and is preparing for war against a united Europe, a Europe which becomes more and more closely knit diplomatically with every fresh German outrage, with every fresh plot against the internal peace and order of surrounding states. In such a war Hitler Germany will inevitably be defeated, but this prospect is hardly a deterrent for the government now in power in Germany, which realizes that it also faces defeat by simply sitting still and contemplating the nation's economic decay.

What will happen after Hitler Germany is defeated by a united Europe, by a Europe which Hitler himself has united even more than he has united Germany? Will Bolshevism then sweep Germany? This is what the Hitler propagandists say to frighten conservative opinion throughout the world.

A Bolshevik Germany laden with industrial equipment and united with a Bolshevik Russia in possession of unlimited raw materials—that is indeed a spectre for conservatives.

Most of Europe would then undoubtedly become communistic, and perhaps that is what history has in store for the world in the next century.

But as an immediate possibility this alternative may be rejected because upwards of twenty powers would participate in the war against Hitler Germany and would exert every pressure conceivable to prevent such a development. Bulgaria, Poland, and Hungary are the only possible allies for Germany, and both are negligible military assets. Nor could Germany hope for assistance from Japan, who would be more likely to wait for a general European embroilment to seize additional Asiatic territories, possibly more of China, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines.

The nuances of history afford much material for ironical reflection. Today we find Soviet Russia united with capitalist Europe to prevent a revival of capitalist Germany, which the Soviets correctly view as a gun aimed at themselves primarily. However, after a united Europe has crushed the fascist state in Germany the Soviets may be counted upon to resist a typically capitalist solution, which would be, and could only be, the partition of Germany and the distribution of her constituent parts among the anti-Hitler powers.

But unless the power of Soviet Russia has increased very much by then we may be sure that the European capitalist coalition will have its way in bringing about the par-

(Continued on page 14)

MUSSOLINI got the trains running on scheduled time, cleaned up the streets, and chased the beggars off them. These are the only fruits of his fourteen years of power. Thus it is seen that the necessary qualities of a fascist dictator are to possess the geniuses of a signal-man, a street-cleaner, and a cop.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Published by
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CORP.
132 West 31st Street
New York City
C. H. FINGERHOOD, *President*
CHARLES ANGOFF, *Editor*
Vol. III No. 36

Have Athletes Minds?

NEEDLESS to say, we are opposed to American participation in the Olympic games in Berlin next year. Our participation, in the words of Jeremiah T. Mahoney, president of the United States Amateur Athletic Union, would imply "the tacit approval of all that the swastika symbolizes." Nazi sport, like everything else Nazi, is shot through with a race hatred that should shock all Americans, including former military men and athletes.

But apparently the good Lord did not choose to endow the latter two classes of people with the quality of high-mindedness. A large section of American amateur athletes, inspired by their leaders who include several ex-Army men, see nothing indecent in competing with the athletes of a nation where terrorism, exile, and murder are employed daily, with governmental sanction, in the endeavor to purge the country of non-Aryan influences. We cannot help people who feel this way. They are beyond the reach of intelligent argument.

Why are athletes and soldiers, as groups, so dumb? Is it because their occupations make so little sense to rational people? Whatever the reason, the facts are plain enough. With the possible exception of Caesar, Napoleon, and one or two others, all the generals and admirals of recorded history down to date form a group which in mentality is little distinguishable from a Republican national committee. Frederick the Great, the legend in the school books says, was a very wise man, but Voltaire, who knew him well, confided to his note-books that he could barely stand his twaddle. General Grant's record outside the Army is well-known. As President he was a disgrace.

Von Hindenburg knew so little about the world and about his own country that those closest to him in Neudeck were in daily terror that he would say or write something that would shame a cretin. He finally did succumb to Hitler. General Ludendorff has been in intimate communication with dragons and elfs for nearly twenty years. As for Foch, consult the war books of Clemenceau, who could smell a fool many miles away. As for our own General Pershing, consult the memoirs of General Peyton March, once chief of staff of the United States Army. And as for the loud-mouthed General Hugh Johnson, consult your daily newspaper. The rule seems to be that once a soldier always a goof.

The same rule apparently applies to athletes. We do not recall a single remark of any athlete from the beginning of time that bears repeating for its intellectual content. Had their managers, a shrewd group of high-jacking business men, allowed them to act and talk as their instincts propelled them, they would have shocked even their fans. There have been, of course, exceptions, but most of them have been easy bait for every crook, faker, and mercenary woman.

We are therefore not surprised at the number of American athletes who see nothing wrong in our participation in the Olympic games in Berlin next year. We only wish to remind them that if they go to the games they will be representing nobody but themselves. Most decent and intelligent Americans will look upon them with scorn.

Jimmy Walker and the Dizzy Twenties

FOR the past ten or fifteen minutes we've been trying to work up a hate for Jimmy Walker, but we find we can't. So, taking one consideration with another, we are rather glad that his home-coming was marked by hand-clasps instead of hand-cuffs. Certainly he has as much right to be among us as have Charles E. Mitchell and Albert H. Wiggin, late of the National City and Chase National Banks respectively. And we noticed enough in his manner in the news-reels to feel that Jimmy really meant it when he said that he was a very tired man and through with public life, and we haven't the heart to rake up old scores.

Jimmy's return from his three years of self-imposed exile recalls to us a now half-mythical period in the national life, the Dizzy Twenties. No truly satisfactory explanation for it has yet been offered, except the very obvious and profound one that a country, like an individual, goes insane every so often, and that there is nothing to be done about this insanity but to wait till it peters out. All sorts of quackeries were in the air. Everybody seemed to believe that continuous intoxication was a state of bliss, that cohabitation with a large variety of the opposite sex was the sure road to the solution of all the problems of the world, that capitalism was the guardian angel of the heavy laden and sore beset, that the works of Anita Loos, Thornton Wilder, Will Durant, and Walter Lippmann were the real American literature and philosophy, that it was much smarter to laugh at the antics of primitive Baptists and Methodists than to read Thorstein Veblen and Herman Melville, and that the height of good taste was to take your mistress to dinner with your wife.

The country was in a welter of fraud surrounded by tinsel, with three little, preposterous men in the White House—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—setting the pace of what future historians will probably consider as the first great American bacchanalia. So deep was the stupor engendered that when the entire economic structure of the nation collapsed in 1929 for all to see, our best minds, including the President of the United States and his Secretary of the Treasury, rushed to deny it. Soon there were bread-lines everywhere, and we were heading straight for the abyss of economic despair. We are still heading that way, for the New Deal is now admitted by all to be a colossal failure. What the future holds in store for us is the guess of any well-informed pessimist.

But even though we are in the grip of economic despair, the sleazy enchantments of the Dizzy Twenties continue to have power over us, in accordance with the psychological rule that what the mind and the senses have tasted the imagination retains long after we have lost the means to satisfy them. We are still as cheap and shabby a people as we were then, but now we have also become despondent, and our despondency has naturally bred childish romanticism and sentimentality. This probably helps to explain the strong hold of so flabby, sickly, and boring a book as "Anthony Adverse" upon the nation.

Perhaps it also helps to explain the great change which has come into the life of Jimmy Walker. His own and his wife's public statements that they will hereafter embrace the old virtues have the ring of desperate honesty in them, and that ring is but an echo of what is going on in nearly every home in the land. It does not bespeak a proud and vigorous people, but one terribly bewildered and appallingly lacking in resources. Jimmy Walker was the epitome and flower of the Dizzy Twenties, and his collapse symbolizes perfectly the fate which has overtaken the nation as a whole.

The Greek Comedy

THE return of George II to his throne in Greece is full of international humors. He hasn't a drop of Greek blood in his veins, and in the brief period of his previous reign he proved himself to be utterly incompetent. Apparently he did not want to go back. He preferred roulette in Paris and playing with dowagers in England, and his pride was sufficiently salved by the annual invitation King George V extended to him to have tea at Buckingham.

But the English Foreign Office had different ideas for him. They wanted another strong naval base in the Mediterranean for the next World War, and troubled Greece, heavily in debt to England, seemed like a good country to annex for that purpose, but in 1935 robbery of this sort has to be done a bit more smoothly than in the last century. For a while the British thought of working up in the Greek people a passion to have the Duke of Kent as their King. This accounts for the marriage of the Greek Princess Marina to him a little over a year ago. The British Foreign Office figured that if the Kent deal didn't go through, they would at least have the exiled George II sewed up, for Marina is his cousin.

The deal didn't go through, George II has been "elected" back to the throne, and everything is fine for Britain. The international amenities of the modern world have been scrupulously adhered to, and Greece is as good as a colony of the English crown. You may be sure that if there are hostilities in the near future between England and Italy, England's request to use the Greek ports as naval bases will be immediately granted. Meanwhile, the one man who did more for Greece than anybody else in the last fifty years, former Premier Venizelos, a sworn enemy of the monarchy, is in exile with a judgment of death upon his head. Perhaps this is what Colonel Edward M. House meant when he said recently over the radio that "today there is a new order of international morals."

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BOOKS

by Charles Angoff

Sinclair Lewis's Latest Novel

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by Sinclair Lewis. $2.50. Doubleday, Doran & Company: New York.

MR. LEWIS'S new novel is not quite so poor as "Work of Art" or "Ann Vickers," but it is feeble enough. There is not a single integrated and wholly credible character in it, the attempts at humor and profundity are very embarrassing, the writing is sloppy, and the analysis of contemporary American politics and economics displays vast gaps of knowledge and insight. The central thesis of Mr. Lewis is that fascism can happen in America, and he is obviously in violent opposition to everything it stands for, as all decent people are. But it is one thing to be on the intelligent side of a major public question and another thing to transform that conviction imaginatively into a powerful novel. Harriet Beecher Stowe was probably on the right side of the slavery issue, but no one now claims that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has any artistic value.

The story proper of "It Can't Happen Here" is very simple. Doremus Jessup is the bourgeois liberal editor of the Fort Beulah, Vermont, *Daily Informer*. It is spring, 1936, and everybody is talking about the coming presidential nominations and elections. One of Jessup's cronies brings up the matter of fascism in America, but the editor dismisses it with the remark that it simply can't happen here. In a few weeks it does happen. Senator Berzelius Windrip—a close resemblance to the late Senator Huey Long—a resounding demagogue, head of the League of Forgotten Men, and "author" of "Zero Hour—Over the Top," is elected President.

Before long the country is swarming with Minute Men, composed of the lowest elements in the population, who turn the United States into a Hitler Germany. There are concentration camps, protective arrests, questionings, book burnings, etc. Jessup loses his paper because of his unwillingness to string along with Windrip's Corpo (Fascist) régime, and in short order he is hurled into a concentration camp for writing illegal anti-Corpo leaflets.

An old admirer, Lorinda Pike, helps him to escape to Canada, where he immediately joins the American exiles who are conspiring against Windrip. The Corpo state soon shakes with scandal and jealousy, Windrip is exiled, two other gangsters capture the government, some of the Middle Western states revolt, and Jessup is sent into the United States to do underground work in the West. For that he becomes William Barton Dobbs, representative of the Des Moines Combine and Up-to-Date Implement Company. The Corpos get wind of him, and he is on the run again. "And still Doremus goes on in the red sunrise, for a Doremus Jessup can never die."

Mr. Lewis has plainly transferred what he has read or heard about Hitler Germany to the United States. He should have given closer study to the American scene. His analysis of the fascist forces at work among us says much too little about the intricate machinations of finance capital. The revelations of the Congressional investigations into "un-American" activities among us seems to have escaped Mr. Lewis completely. He also betrays very little knowledge of the rôle of the Catholic Church in our public life. It has tremendous investments in American industries, has been openly anti-labor on innumerable occasions, and would probably acquiesce to a fascist dictatorship as easily as the Church did in Austria and Spain.

Mr. Lewis's descriptions of several of the Corpo activities, personalities, and writings seem plausible enough, particularly his excerpts from Windrip's "Zero Hour." And as always, his ear for the conversation of shabby Americans is almost perfect. The cogitations of District Commissioner Effingham Swan probably form an appallingly accurate advance report of what the likes of him are to be when and if fascism comes to America. But as an individual he does not seem credible. Neither does Jessup, nor Windrip, nor any of the other characters in the volume.

The one love affair, that between Jessup and Lorinda Pike, seems dragged into the book for no other reason than Mr. Lewis's apparent belief that a little adultery would make Jessup seem more real. Perhaps it would, but surely adultery needs a more logical explanation than the mere say-so of Mr. Lewis. As for the other members of Jessup's household—Emma, his wife, Sissy and Mary, his daughters, and Julian, Sissy's sweetheart—they are all stock *Saturday Evening Post* characters.

Mr. Lewis's attempts at philosophizing never go beyond this banality: "Holidays were invented by the devil, to coax people into the heresy that happiness can be won by taking thought." His essays into the realm of humor and satire are even less successful. The onslaught begins on page 2 with this sophomorism: ". . . the Flag, the Constitution, the Bible and all other peculiarly American institutions." Thirteen pages later there is another: "[Fort Beulah] was a town of perhaps ten thousand souls, inhabiting about twenty thousand bodies—the proportion of soul-possession may be too high." On page 33 there is a reference to the "Republican standard-bearer—meaning the one man who never has to lug a large, bothersome, and somewhat ridiculous standard."

There is a lot more callow stuff like this, but the most shocking involves the family dog Foolish. Doremus was very gloomy on hearing of Windrip's nomination as Democratic candidate for President, and Mr. Lewis immediately adds, "so possibly was the dog Foolish, as well, for at the turning off of the radio he tail-thumped in only the most tentative way." When Doremus's grandson David was alternately crying and going back to sleep, "Foolish woke up to cough inquiringly and returned to his dream of rabbiting." On another occasion, when Doremus was particularly concerned about the fate of the United States, "Foolish started, snorted, looked offended but, catching the spirit of the moment, comfortingly laid a paw on Doremus's knee and insisted on shaking hands, over and over, as gravely as a Venetian senator or an undertaker." One afternoon Buck, Mary, David, and Foolish took a walk through Burlington, "where none of them were [*sic*] known—though a number of dogs, city slickers and probably con-dogs, insisted to the rustic and embarrassed Foolish that they had met him somewhere." This is the writing of America's first Nobel Prize Winner in literature!

"It Can't Happen Here," as a novel of character and of situation, has almost no standing whatever. At best it is no more than table-talk, and mostly boring table-talk. Mr. Lewis is to be commended for his choice of a lively and important theme, but he did not have the knowledge, the full-blown maturity, and the artistic skill to execute it effectively. Whether or not it will influence the country against the fascist menace I don't know. That remains to be seen. It's an irrelevant question anyway. A bad book is a bad book no matter what influence it has on public affairs.

Bertrand Russell's Innocence

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS, by Bertrand Russell. $2.50. W. W. Norton & Company: New York.

THERE are fifteen essays here on such subjects as idleness, the soul, fascism, youthful cynicism, comets, socialism, stoicism, insects, education, and architecture. Some of the essays have previously appeared in *Harpers*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Outlook*, and the *New Statesmen and Nation*. Old readers of Mr. Russell will find nothing fresh in them, and new readers will find that he has little to say that is truly enlightening. He thinks that "a great deal of harm is being done in the modern world by the belief in the virtuousness of work, and that the road to happiness and prosperity lies in an organized diminution of work"; that "leisure is essential to civilization"; that "men as well as children have need of play"; that "useless" knowledge "promotes a contemplative habit of mind"; that "the communal element" in architecture would be a boon to wives; and that "uniformity in matters of thought and opinion" is "dangerous."

This sort of stuff is surely not nonsense, but what virtue is there in repeating at this late date, even in the simplest and clearest English, that two and two make four? Since Mr. Russell has given up his researches in symbolic logic and epistemology, to both of which he made ponderable contributions, he has had less and less to say to intelligent people.

He is the perennial novice in sociological speculation, and what seems like an exciting discovery to him is generally a truism to most of his audience. His well-composed and industrious innocence in the fields of politics and economics might be helpful to the readers of the sensational and backwoods press, but does Mr. Russell want to end his days as another Dr. Frank Crane? His writings during the past fifteen years have greatly embarrassed those of us who found so much genuine profundity in "Principia Mathematica" and "Mysticism and Logic."

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THE BOY SCOUTS PREPARE FOR WAR

(Continued from page 1)

SCOUT TRAINING MAKES GOOD SOLDIERS

The military authorities have always characterized the fundamentals which are covered by the Scouting program as essential for those who take up military life as well as for those in industrial, commercial, or professional pursuits. In preparing our new army, as much emphasis is placed upon the importance of this character of training as is given to proficiency in the manual of arms and the use of the rifle. . . .

Technical military training and rifle practice when given under the direction of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps and our State National Guard officials is comparatively easy to acquire by any young man 18 years of age and over. If he has had a training equivalent to what is given by the program of the Boy Scouts of America, his progress is more rapid and he is more effective as a soldier or sailor. *According to military authorities, the preparatory training given by the Boy Scouts of America is of the greatest practical value to those who enter military service and all boys should have it.*

EXPERT OPINION

The Boy Scouts of America has purposely been promoted as an organization which is neither military nor anti-military, as militarism is commonly understood, because it is the consensus of opinion of educators as well as military authorities that other features of our program are more important for the proper development of the adolescent boy—even in times like the present, when it may be expected that a large proportion of Scouts will be called into active military service as they reach maturity.

SCOUT TRAINING IN THE ARMY

Indeed, in the training of our great new army, *the military authorities find it essential to give preparatory training along lines which practically parallel the Scouting program.*

The testimony of military experts to the effect that the program of the Boy Scouts of America is the best kind of preparatory work recognizes that physical fitness, proper attitude of mind and a sense of discipline are as fundamentally essential to make a good citizen as to make a good soldier.

Among the military authorities who, according to this extremely enlightening document, have testified that "the preparatory training given by the Boy Scouts of America is of the greatest practical value to those who enter military service," are Major-General Hugh L. Scott and Major-General Leonard Wood.

Major-General Scott: "The necessary elementary instruction that every young American should have in order to be prepared to play his part in the national defense can be obtained by his work in the Boy Scouts of America."

Major-General Leonard Wood: "I consider the work of Scoutmasters a patriotic duty of great importance toward building up a spirit of national solidarity. The Boy Scout movement tends to make a self-reliant boy, one capable of taking care of himself in the open. It also teaches sound morals, encourages patriotism and imparts a certain amount of discipline, in short, it does a great deal to prepare boys to take up their military work; indeed, the training covers many things which it is most important soldiers should know."

Obviously, then, it would be absurdly unnecessary to introduce military pharaphernalia into Scouting when far better militaristic results can be obtained without such paraphernalia. (It should be noted that during the World War the Military Training Commission of New York State officially accepted the program of the Boy Scouts of America as giving training "equivalent in value" to that which was being given under the Commission and accepted "active membership in the Boy Scouts of America as compliance with all of the regulations which have been adopted because of the compulsory military training law in the State of New York for boys between the ages of 16 and 19.") Besides, explains "Policies and Regulations of the Boy Scouts of America, A Series of Interpretations, No. 1: Technical Military Training and Use of Firearms":

To add the rifle to the equipment of the Boy Scouts of America would mean a policy of questionable value, according to military experts, and would involve problems which none of the leaders of the Boy Scouts of America have thus far been able to find ways and means of adequately handling. . . .

Under these conditions the Boy Scouts of America have proceeded on the theory of doing the things which were most serviceable for the character development and citizenship training of the boy and of the greatest service to the state and the union. *The wisdom of this course in the last eight years from a purely military point of view is fully justified by the splendid support of General Pershing and other military and naval authorities, under whom over 100,000 former Scouts and Scout officials are now doing active military service.*

The Boy Scouts of America have at all times encouraged marksmanship and the use of firearms under proper supervision. Indeed, from the very start a merit badge for proficiency in marksmanship has been offered, stipulating, however, that all practice and the test for this merit badge must be on an approved rifle range under adequate supervision. This condition reveals the basis of concern on the part of the Boy Scouts of America with reference to the use of firearms.

In view of the fundamental unity of interests of the United States Army and the Boy Scouts of America it is perhaps only natural that there should be an intimate relationship between them—but should not the country be informed of this happy circumstance? It is not generally known that Army and Navy officers have been expressly and officially invited to become Scoutmasters. A resolution passed by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America at its 1923 meeting formally urged Army and Navy officers to extend "their coöperation in the future to an even greater degree." The text of this resolution, which was forwarded to General Pershing, reads as follows:

Whereas, the Boy Scouts of America is non-military in spirit and in program.

And whereas, for this reason Officers and Former Officers of the Military Establishment have in spite of their genuine desire to do so, expressed a hesitancy to serve as Scout leaders for fear that such connection might create a public misapprehension.

Be is resolved, that we re-affirm at this time our policy that the Scout program is and shall continue non-military, although encouraging at all times the virtues of courage, loyalty, obedience, and endurance; qualities that are no less desirable in civic than in military life.

And it is further resolved, that *we express sincere appreciation for the splendid coöperation which has been given us by the officers of the Army and Navy and by members and Posts of the American Legion and others in military and naval service and express hope that we shall continue to enjoy their coöperation in the future to an ever greater degree.*

General Pershing lost little time in assuring Chief Scout Executive James E. West that both he and the Secretary of War "should be glad to see members of the Army everywhere take such active part in Scouting as official duties and local conditions permit." I quote from Pershing's letter to West:

Having kept in close touch with the work of the Boy Scouts, I thoroughly approve of its object for the good it does the boy, and further, *I approve of it as a soldier for the good it does to those who may be called upon to serve as our future defenders,* and finally, as an American citizen I approve of it for the training it gives in preparing the boy to be a worthy citizen of his country.

I feel that it is a distinct recognition of the high qualifications of Army men to be asked to participate in a movement which has accomplished so much for the youth of the land and which has so

(Continued on next page)

"...you just can't lump it"

"The American theatre," says Robert Garland of the *New York World-Telegram,* "tired of wasting its time on the tired business man, has turned definitely to the left. Nowhere is that current trend more capably handled, more thoroughly discussed, more alertly projected, than in *NEW THEATRE.* You may not always like everything *NEW THEATRE* has to say, but you just can't lump it."

"If we want to keep abreast of the living theatre," writes Harry Hansen of the *World-Telegram,* "we cannot ignore *NEW THEATRE*—it is virile and challenging."

"The Broadway theatre has no program and no convictions; and in the midst of a vast social upheaval it has no comment to make," says Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* . . . "The theatre of the Left is becoming increasingly dynamic and is no longer a skirmish on the fringe of the theatre . . . it knows where it intends to go and it does not doubt its ability to get there . . . it is ably served by *NEW THEATRE* magazine which is edited with professional skill and publishes excellent dramatic material."

20,000 readers agree with these New York critics that *NEW THEATRE* is vigorous and important—stimulating reading for anyone interested in the theatre, film and dance.

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(Continued from preceding page)

much of promise for the future.

The Secretary of War, with whom I have discussed the matter, joins me in hoping you may find many Army men who will appreciate and take advantage of this opportunity to become useful workers in a great undertaking.

This letter, copies of which were transmitted by the office of the General Staff to the various branches of the Army, was received by Army officers as formal recommendation to become Scoutmasters and has since constituted the Army's policy toward the Boy Scouts of America.

Suggested the *Army and Navy Register* of November 10, 1923:

Take an active part in the community Boy Scout movement. If there are no Boy Scouts, do what you can to get the movement under way.

The *U. S. Air Service* of July, 1923, expressed a similar opinion.

The concern expressed by the *U. S. Air Service* about the future aviators of America may help explain why such outstanding aviation figures as Commander Rosendahl of the dirigible *Los Angeles* have gone out of their way to interest Scouts in aviation. To Commander Rosendahl goes the distinction of being one of the first successfully to start a group of Boy Scouts on the "air-minded road." Arthur Brisbane pointed with patriotic pride in his column "Today" on March 4, 1926:

At Lakehurst yesterday a group of forty Boy Scouts from Monmouth County organization established the first Boy Scout contact with aviation. Commander Rosendahl of the *Los Angeles* arranged to start the Scouts on the "air-minded" road.

Commander Starr of the Foreign War Veterans drills the boys, and they are proud of their teacher, knowing that he has made more than one hundred parachute jumps.

To recruit fliers of the future among Boy Scout organizations is a good idea. A million boys of today will be fliers twenty years hence.

To the Boy Scouts of Fredericksburg, Virginia, goes the distinction of being, according to a N. Y. *Times* report, the first group of Boy Scouts to have the privilege of training under an armed branch of the government. Let the N. Y. *Times* dispatch put the matter in its impartial way:

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., July 25, (1925)—The Fredericksburg Troop of Boy Scouts will establish a record which every other troop of Boy Scouts in America undoubtedly will hope to equal when it goes into camp today at Quantico, Va., with the United States Marines themselves. The Fredericksburg Troop of Boy Scouts will be in camp with the Marines for ten days until Aug. 4. . . .

In throwing open the Marine Base at Quantico the commanding officers of the corps will extend to the Scouts the privileges and conveniences of the marines. *General Eli Cole, commanding officer of the Quantico base, was quick to see an opportunity for broadening the usefulness and scope of the Marine Corps. . . .*

Daily the Scouts will be instructed in drill, setting-up exercises, and they are going to get instruction also in flying airships and repairing the flying machines by members of the Aviation Department, who, however, will not take Scouts on actual flights. Everything except food will be free.

The Fredericksburg Troop is the first in the history of the organization to be taken under the wing of an armed branch of the government for summer encampment instruction. Announcement is made that the same privileges will be accorded to any other groups of Boy Scouts who can arrange to go to Quantico in groups of fifty.

It is conceivable that invitations to Scout troops to visit Army camps and forts are motivated by a desire on the part of paternalistic officers to give the youngsters a good

(Continued on next page)

The Horrors of Modern War

A graphic, documented, detailed article describing how men die individual deaths in battle

THE DIGEST AND REVIEW publishes in the December issue *The Horrors of War*, an article of extraordinary importance to every man, woman and child in the United States.

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Perhaps the article is "too strong." Perhaps you will not be able to stomach this cool summary of death in its various forms. But this is not the time for compromise. Better that disillusion shall come before a war than with it.

The manuscript of *The Horrors of War* was presented to several American editors before publication. They have been united in calling it the grimmest, but at the same time the most vivid document of its kind ever written. It will appear in no other American publication.

Other Features

An article by Major General Smedley D. Butler—"Who Are the War-Makers" reveals what goes on behind the scenes in the army. General Butler mentions names when he states how the army is preparing fascism for the U. S. Exposes the role of General MacArthur in getting the biggest appropriation in history for the army—and rendering the army useless at the same time.

Heywood Broun tells what he thinks of radio, radio sponsors, and their methods. "A sponsor," says Mr. Broun, "is a man who thinks that toothpaste can be made a thrilling theme for listeners." The article is full of laughs and sound advice to the moguls of radio.

Why Fiction Characters Are Fakes.

An author reveals the sad conditions under which he must write—conditions which stereotype both him and his characters.

What America Is Thinking—by James Rorty—a poet-reporter tells what he heard and saw on one of the most eventful trips any man ever made through the U. S.

Is It Human Nature? By Dr. Mark Graubard. Must we be the way we are? Human nature isn't at all what you have suspected it is. Dr. Graubard has the most interesting and revealing things to say on the subject that have yet been said.

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(Continued from preceding page)

time, but the following account in the Portland (Maine) *Press Herald* of July 9, 1925, hints of something less altruistic:

> Yesterday was a big day for the Boy Scouts of Portland and vicinity. In fact, it was probably the most important day in their young lives with the possible exception of the rodeo and annual outing. All day, the Scouts were the guests of Colonel George E. Fogg and the 240th Coast Artillery, Maine National Guard, which is now on its two weeks' tour of duty at Fort Williams.
>
> The Scouts were here, and there, and everywhere over the gounds. They were given the freedom of the entire fortification, and they proceeded to take in every nameable thing of interest. They climbed the ladder leading to the massive flag pole and scrambled over the big 10 and 12 inch guns and other batteries. . . .
>
> Taking as an illustration the motto of the Scouts, "Be Prepared," Colonel Fogg told the Scouts that both the National Guard and the Boy Scouts had a great deal in common, and that both organizations were carrying out the principles of this motto.
>
> The guardsmen, he said, were actually working out this motto through their tours of duty and other drills, and that they were preparing not only to serve as protectors against any possible invaders, but also to be ready for any emergency that might arise. They are also being prepared, Colonel Fogg said, as the Scouts are, along the lines of better citizenship and service to mankind.

It was no doubt with an appreciation of the many militaristic characteristics of the Boy Scout movement that the editors of the manual "Military and Naval America" listed the Boy Scouts as a "semi-military organization" which is "instilling a love of country and the flag and a willingness to fight for them if need be."

And no doubt a similar "love of country and the flag and a willingness to fight for them if need be" has stirred the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars into sponsoring Scout troops throughout the country, but there remains something unseemly about the close relationship of the Boy Scouts of America—which is, after all, as every Scout official and document asserts, a non-military organization—with two of the most militaristic groups in the country. According to a statement credited to Paul McNutt, then national commander of the American Legion, by the *Iowa Legionaire* of March 8, 1929, some 3,000 Legion Posts were in that year sponsoring Boy Scout troops and more than 7,000 Legionaires were themselves acting as Scoutmasters. It was an awareness of these facts that inspired the Junior Legion movement, which draws a large portion of its membership from the Scouts.

In accordance with a plan and organization approved by the American Legion in 1924 each convention annually "reaffirms the policy of coöperation with the Boy Scouts of America and urges all departments and posts to include this activity as an integral part of the Legion's program." Under this policy, American Legion Posts organize Scout troops in communities where none exist, recruit additional troops where Scout troops already exist, inculcate in Scouts everywhere the American Legion brand of love for country, and urge Legion members to attend Scout leaders' training courses and to assume active Scout leadership.

An organization born of war, intent upon disciplining young people along militaristic and patriotic lines, coddled by the Army, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, chambers of commerce, and similar groups and interests which observe uneasily the current widespread unrest and discontent with conditions that are becoming increasingly worse—such an organization, if manipulated as have the youth organizations of Germany, Austria and Italy, can undoubtedly serve as a useful weapon of reaction in times such as these. In recently addressing the Boy Scouts of America, Colonel William J. Donovan, World War commander of the Sixty-ninth Regiment and former assistant to the Attorney General, ominously declared, according to the New York *Times* of May 17, 1932:

> It is no uncommon thing today to have people say it will not be long before we are threatened with revolution. If we have to meet revolution, it will be easier than to meet the process of disintegration of our moral fibre as we meet the challenge. . . . If civilization is not sound and we are set for destruction, don't let us go down like slaves to a dungeon, but like real people with our fists in the air ready to fight to the end.

Colonel Donovan went on to advocate, according to the New York *Times*, "an organization within the civil ranks of the citizenship of the country similar to the non-commissioned officers in military organizations, 'to hold together until a leader is needed.'" These words addressed to the Boy Scouts of America contain a very real warning of the probable utilization of the Scouts during a period of reaction.

THE PARTITION OF GERMANY

(Continued from page 9)

tition of the Third Reich. Such a solution would, indeed, probably be a guarantee for Soviet Russia against future aggression by a united Europe, which would have all it could do to assimilate Germany and keep the inevitable German nationalist movement under control.

What general lines would the partition of Germany follow? France would probably move up to the Rhine at every point and might even take over the Ruhr, perhaps transferring some of her own colonies to England as a *quid pro quo* unless England could be induced to return to the continent. The latter is unlikely, but England has had continental European possessions before. Should England return to the continent she might assume mandates or protectorates over the North German ports and the Baltic ports, which would be of immense value to the British maritime industry and would enable Britain to monopolize the trans-oceanic business for most of Northern Europe. An additional slice of Germany could be transferred to Denmark, which received Schleswig-Holstein as a result of the last war, although she did not participate in it. Holland, too, could be requested to assume responsibility for a slice of German territory whether Holland was involved or not in the war.

East Prussia could be allocated to Russia, Lithuania and Latvia as partial recompense for participation in the war of subduing Germany. Poland could be given the balance of Silesia and perhaps more German territory to the west. Czechoslovakia could also take a slice of German territory. The movement to revive Austria-Hungary under French and Catholic auspices, with the Hapsburgs returned to the throne, could be expedited. This movement in its present form looks to the appropriation of Catholic Bavaria from Germany. The restoration of the Hapsburg legitimists is at present opposed by the former constituent parts of the empire, but how strong this opposition would continue to be in the face of inducements taking the form of additional territory for all is questionable.

Unless Italy were given a good slice of Austria it is difficult to see what territorial expansion would fall to the lot of Italy as a result of the partition of Germany. But France has many colonial possessions with which to reimburse Italy for participation in a general war against Germany, and Italy, by reason of her position, might hope to obtain commercial concessions throughout the Balkans. Then, there is always Ethiopia.

Very possibly, to speak thus of the partition of Germany—for centuries the cultural cradle of Europe—may appear to some people as ridiculous. However, in the heyday of its cultural ascent Germany was not a unified political state. The partition of Germany would not be synonymous with the decay of German culture. Indeed, that culture might become even stronger if partition led to the economic revival of Europe, as it might well do by giving all the surrounding powers, themselves beset by economic problems, more territories, however expensive it might be to garrison them.

As a result of such a partition Germany would consist solely of a truncated Prussia, which could be ruled by an Allied commission and which could be severely penalized in various ways for overt nationalistic actions. All the powers, partners in the "Crime of Partition," would have reason for hanging together and preserving the new *status quo*.

The dismemberment of Germany would complete the process begun in the World War, which saw the dismemberment of Turkey, of the proud Austro-Hungarian empire, and the partial dismemberment of the German Empire. The forces which began the process of dismemberment are still in operation and have been re-awakened to a considerable extent by the Hitler dream of a great Teutonic empire, which seems so much like a nightmare to the rest of Europe.

In the event a united Europe does not succeed in easily subduing the Third Reich, in the event German diplomacy detaches some forces from the Allies and succeeds in making the war a generally devastating affair, there is only one possible result: social revolution throughout Europe. Looking back on the stormy events succeeding the last war one cannot lose sight of the fact that there is also a revolutionary process gnawing at the vitals of ancient Europe.

WE are very happy to hear the report that the German ambassador, Dr. Luther, is to be recalled, and we hope that Hitler sends in his place a real Nazi, for the good Doctor appears to be a secret friend of the old Germany. What we would like to see is a genuine Nazi ambassador in Washington who would talk good Nazi language; a fellow who would mix among the lowest elements of the German population in this country; who, when the swastika is again torn down would make a hoodlum out of himself like Goebbels or Goering. What we're driving at is that we in America haven't seen anything yet in the way of first-class Nazi hoop-la, and that it will take a 100% Nazi ambassador to start it. Then, we hope, even General Sherrill will see the light.

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THE PROGRESSIVES STORM THE A. F. OF L.

by CARL REEVE

THE deliberations of the last American Federation of Labor convention were suddenly interrupted by what the press termed a "riot." Chairs and tables were scattered as fists flew in the spacious Westminster Ballroom of the palatial Chelsea Hotel on Atlantic City's boardwalk. Vice-president of the A. F. of L. John L. Lewis got in a hard right and a left to Vice-president William L. Hutcheson's face. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters Union, was escorted from the hall with his face dripping blood. John L. Lewis, head of the Coal Miners Union, chewing a cigar, adjusted his torn shirt. Order was finally restored and the stormy debate proceeded.

This violent eruption was but a culminating point in the clash between two principles of organization which had occupied most of the attention of the delegates during two weeks of discussion. On the one side were those who demanded a campaign to organize the workers in the basic, mass production industries. These progressive forces said that only on the basis of industrial unions could the A. F. of L. be built. They pointed to the records of the past year, where little progress was made in building the auto, rubber, metal mining, steel and other unions because the workers were divided up into twenty-five or thirty different craft unions. Those fighting for industrial unions included the large industrial unions, the coal miners, textile workers, needle trades and metal miners; the new unions such as the rubber and auto unions, and the federal locals such as radio and cement who have not yet been granted charters as national unions. The majority of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L., composed of craft union officials, stood pat, refusing to change the time honored craft union policy.

The industrial union champions polled 10,933 votes as against 18,024 votes for the reactionary craft union policies (each vote represents 100 dues paying members). But this formal vote settled nothing. Until the final gavel banged, the debate raged between the progressives and die-hards. Now the battle is to be fought out among the industries, to be settled in the factories and mills.

Far from entrenching its position, the conservative leadership centering around William Green, received a body blow at the convention. Change was in the air. The continued unemployment of 11,000,000 men, the drop in real wages under the New Deal, the cry of distress and poverty rising up out of the membership, made itself felt at the convention. John L. Lewis said:

> There are great influences abroad in the land, and the minds of men in all walks of life are disturbed. We are all disturbed by reason of the changes and hazards in our economic situation and as regards our own political security. There are forces at work in this country that would wipe out, if they could, the labor movement of America, just as it was wiped out in Germany, or just as it was wiped out in Italy. There are those among us who believe that the best security against that menace and against that tendency is a more comprehensive and a more powerful labor movement. We believe that the way should be paved so that those millions of workers who are clamoring for admission into our councils might be made welcome upon a basis that they understand and that they believe is best suited to their requirements.

"The fact that after fifty-five years of activity and effort we have enrolled under the banner of the A. F. of L. approximately three and one half millions of members of the thirty-nine million organizable workers speaks for itself," said the minority report of the industrial unionists. "We declare that the time has arrived when common sense demands the organization policies of the A. F. of L. must be molded to meet present day needs. Continuous employment, economic security, and the ability to protect the individual worker depends upon organization upon industrial lines."

How the conflict between the industrial and craft unions is raging in the industries was brought out in the debate on the demand of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union that their charter rights be restored.

A strike was called last year in Butte, Montana, by the metal miners union, involving 6,600 miners. While the struggle was on, Charles Frey, head of the Metal Trades Department, together with officials of the Building Trades Department of the A. F. of L., signed a secret agreement with the Anaconda Copper Company, covering six hundred of the strikers. This dealt a heavy blow to the strike.

"They took those men," Lewis told the convention. "They got some six hundred men out of it. Some raid! Fifteen or sixteen organizations making a raid of that character, and what did they get out of it in the form of loot? They got some 600 men, 38-40 men for each organization—marvelous loot!

"I regard it as a raid," Lewis explained to the convention, "as a thrust against the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers of America, because if the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Union can be emasculated with impunity, then the U. M. W. A. can be raided with equal impunity."

All members of the Executive Council, with the exception of two vice-presidents who were added last year, are leaders of craft unions who are united behind the conservative leadership of William Green. Last year the industrial union advocates succeeded in having John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky, of the International Ladies Garment Workers, added to the Executive Council.

The industrial union forces lost, as I have said, in the formal voting. But the issue of industrial unions would not be downed. The problem again came up in a more specific form when the resolution of the rubber workers union, calling for jurisdiction over all workers in the rubber plants, was discussed. Delegate W. Thompson, from a large rubber factory in Akron, Ohio, told how after the rubber workers organized several thousand members into his local, more than four hundred were taken out of the rubber local by the Executive Council and put into the machinists union. Thompson demanded that the convention carry out the promises made by the A. F. of L. convention last year, to organize the rubber workers into their own union. He demanded that the restrictions placed by the Executive Council upon the rubber union, confining it to production workers, should be removed. President Green declared Thompson out of order. Thomp-

(Continued on next page)

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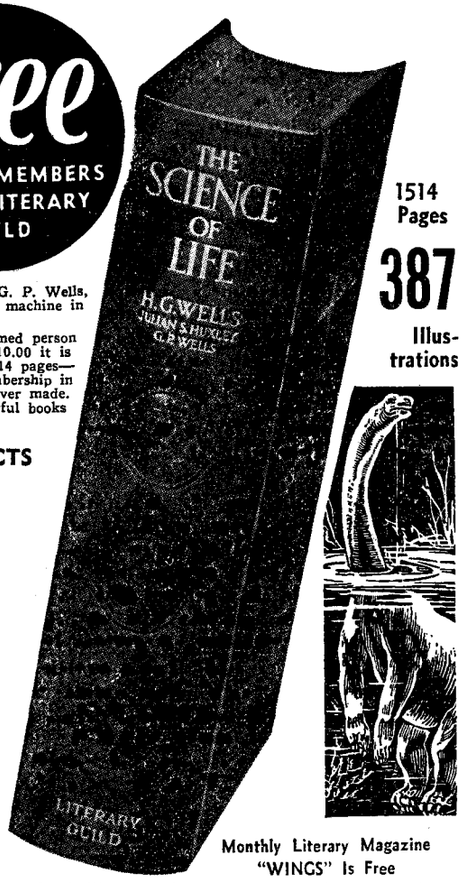

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(Continued from preceding page)

son's appeal from the decision of the chair was lost by only four votes—and the vote was counted by Secretary Morrison, whose eyesight, on occasion, is none too good.

But those who sat through the two weeks of debate at the convention, cannot have any doubt as to the will of the majority of the A. F. of L. membership—they want to organize the unorganized workers, especially in the basic industries. And they realize that these unions can only be built along industrial lines. The base of the A. F. of L. is rapidly shifting from smaller craft organizations, to the large industrial unions.

The will of the membership for more democracy in the unions had its effect on the convention decisions. The proposal of the Executive Council for an amendment to the A. F. of L. constitution to expel communists and other radicals from the unions was very much toned down in the resolutions committee. It was obvious to the right wing forces that this resolution would have been defeated had it been brought before the convention floor in the form proposed by the Executive Council. As brought out of committee, the anti-radical amendment proposed only to allow city central bodies and state federations the power to refuse to seat communists and other radicals in those bodies. The amendment as passed does not interfere with membership in the unions, while it is a move against democracy.

Francis Gorman of the United Textile Workers Union, in his demand that the A. F. of L. launch a campaign for a Labor Party, said openly what every delegate knew deep down in his heart. "The workers are sorely disappointed in the New Deal," he said. "Distress has not abated but increased." Gorman gave the direct lie to Frances Perkins' honey words. Frances Perkins, in addressing the delegates, had said, "Prosperity has returned. The workers are riding around in shiny new automobiles. The children have new bicycles." Gorman, in an exhaustive analysis of the New Deal, which he had supported only a year ago, proved by government figures that wages have gone down, profits have soared sky high and terrorization of unions has increased. The menace of fascism and world war hung in the air at the convention. The cry of hunger and unemployment from the millions back home haunted the convention hall. "We have a mandate from our membership," Gorman said. Sidney Hillman also made a ringing plea for the building of the unions and for the unity of labor in the teeth of the fascist danger.

The battle for industrial unions, for a Labor Party, and other progressive measures now continues along a wider front. The progressive elements will now proceed to build the unions. The wise old men of the Executive Council, doddering to their graves, had better not try to stand in the way of history.

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